

Something Wicked This Way Comes by Eldarion

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Summary:

Mike, Lucas, Dustin, and Will are in their second year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. One Sunday night in November, Will mysteriously disappears from the castle.

1. A Disappearance at Night

Author's Note:

I'm not going to try to reconcile the fact that the characters are American and Hogwarts is supposed to be in Scotland.

If you disagree with where I sorted a character, I would love to have a mature discussion about it here or on tumblr.

Mike Wheeler was of the opinion that the best way to spend his free time was playing Exploding Snap at the Hogwarts Card and Board Games Club. There were only four members of the club, but they had plenty of fun anyway. At the beginning of the school year, Mike decided to create the club so he could find someone to play Exploding Snap or Gobstone with. He put up fliers all over the school. When only three boys showed up, he was slightly disappointed. However, it did not take long for all of them to become thick as thieves despite their differences. All four of them were in their second year and all four were in different houses. Mike was in Gryffindor, Dustin in Hufflepuff, Lucas in Slytherin, and Will in Ravenclaw.

Originally, they met once a week in the Library. However, they were forced to find a new location when the Librarian kicked them out for being too loud. Fortunately, Lucas knew of a corridor in the dungeons that was filled with completely unused rooms. Soon their game nights became more frequent and they met closer to seven days a week than to one. Exploding Snap was their favorite pastime but they played many other games such as Gobstone and even some Muggle games that Dustin brought.

One Sunday in mid October, the boys had spent all day playing one of Dustin's games called Dungeons and Dragons. The boys thought

this game was especially fun because they were playing it in a real dungeon. They had been having the time of their lives playing until they heard the clock strike ten signaling the end of their curfew.

“Oh, no!” Will exclaimed.

“We’re dead,” said Dustin. “No way we get back to our common rooms without getting spotted.”

“I’ll be fine,” Lucas shrugged.

“That’s ‘cause the Slytherin common room is like two feet away,” Dustin yelled. “The rest of us are toast.”

“Guys, we’ll be okay,” Mike said trying to calm everyone. “Dustin, if you take the passage by the south wall you can go up those stairs to your common room.” Mike drew invisible lines on the table to demonstrate as he spoke. “And Will, you can go with him. Just take the hall that goes left at the top of the stairs and then you’ll can get back to Ravenclaw Tower pretty fast.”

“If I go that way someone will see me,” Will protested.

“Well, you could take Mirkwood, “ Mike suggested. “It will take longer, but no one will see you.”

“Alright,” Will agreed.

“Alright,” Mike said as he threw a cloth over their game so no one would find it. “See you guys later!”

“Later!” said the other boys as they quickly gathered their possessions and hurried off.

Lucas quickly made it to the Slytherin Dungeon without incident. Mike nearly had a run in with two prefects, but soon made it safely to Gryffindor Tower. Dustin and Will traveled together until they reached the Hufflepuff Basement. Then Will continued on his own.

Will was walking down a passage that everyone in the school seemed to find unsettling . Mostly because of the particularly large spiders that seemed to love it there. They often spun webs near the ceiling, in candelabras protruding from the walls, and in the rare windows, which looked out on The Forbidden Forest. Dustin read a book written by a muggle author where giant spiders lived in a dark forest. The four friends saw too many similarities and dubbed the passage Mirkwood after the fictional forest.

As usual, the passage was completely abandoned. Will set a brisk pace down the hall. He kept a watchful eye out for stray spider webs that might dangle low enough for him to walk through. As he walked, he noticed that the great spiders that usually kept everyone at bay were nowhere to be seen. Unsettled, Will picked up his pace.

When he was about halfway through the passage, Will began to feel like someone, or something, was watching him. The flames in the candles began to waver though there was no wind. Will stopped and looked around him. There was nothing before or behind him.

Suddenly, three candles next to him went out. That was when Will began to run. He told himself it was because he was out after curfew. He told himself needed to get back to Ravenclaw Tower as quickly as he could. More candles were snuffed out by some unseen force. Will reached then end of Mirkwood and raced around the corner. He quickly came to the door at the base of Ravenclaw Tower. Just as he pulled open the door, he heard the noise.

Nancy Wheeler had gotten up early. Not because she had any work to do; she had finished all her homework on Friday night. She had gotten up early so she could look her absolute best. She liked to think that she always looked nice, but that day she put in extra effort. She used two different hair potions. One to make the waves just right and a second one to make her hair shine. Her friend, Barb, would tease her about it, but Nancy did not care. She was not doing anything wrong or immoral or anything to be ashamed about. She applied small amounts muggle eye makeup. Then she got out one of her most prized possessions: a tube of dark red lipstick. Her mother had thought the color was too mature, but Nancy had bought it on the sly before school began. She put it on and gazed at herself in the mirror. Despite trying to encourage herself to be bold, Nancy could not shake the idea that she was trying too hard. Worse yet, the thought that she *looked* like she was trying too hard. Sighing, she wiped the lipstick off and replaced it with her usual pink lip gloss. She put on her school robes and pinned on her prefect badge.

When Barb got up, it did not take long for her to noticed Nancy's near perfect makeup and that she was wearing a particularly sweet perfume. "Trying to impress someone?" she teased as they passed through the common room together.

Nancy smiled but said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Barb sighed. "Just promise you'll still hangout with me once in a while," she said as they exited Ravenclaw Tower.

"Barb," Nancy whispered, not wanting anyone to overhear, "It's just been a little flirting and a few kisses. That doesn't mean anything."

"Sure, if that's what you think."

Nancy and Barb made their way to the Great Hall. They sat near several other girls but mostly talked to each other. They had a potions test coming up and Nancy had Barb quizzing her night and day.

"What are the main ingredients of Drought of Living Death?" Barb asked.

Nancy began to list off the ingredients, "Water, sloth's brain, Sopophorous Bean..." However, she was cut off by a piece of enchanted paper landing gracefully in front of her.

"Is it from Steve?" Barb asked impatiently.

Nancy slowly unfolded the page to reveal the note.

Meet Me in the Bathroom

First floor girls

- Steve

Barb gasped and gave Nancy a knowing look.

Nancy simply smiled and folded the letter up. "I'm sure it's nothing."

"Yeah," Barb agreed. "Nothing you don't want Moaning Myrtle blabbing about."

"Hey," Nancy objected, "I'm not going to do anything stupid. I just..."

"Hey, Nancy!"

Nancy looked over to see her little brother, Mike, running toward her. "What is it?" she snapped.

"Have you seen Will?" he asked.

"Who?"

"My friend, Will Byers. He's in Ravenclaw, but he's in my year. I thought maybe you might have seen him last night or this morning."

"I don't know who you're talking about, Mike." Nancy said.

"I know who he is," Barb interjected, "but sorry, I haven't seen him."

"He probably got sick and went to the hospital wing or something," Nancy said as she gathered her books. "Just get to class and don't worry about it." She and Barb both got up and left the Great Hall. "You should have been the prefect, Barb," Nancy said once they were out of Mike's hearing.

"Why makes you say that?"

"Because you're so much better at remembering all the little kids," she explained. "I don't think I know anyone's name who's younger than fifth year."

"You know Mike," Barb teased.

"That doesn't count," Nancy said as she began to turn left.

Barb stopped in her tracks. "Where are you going?"

“To the bathroom,” Nancy said innocently. “I’ll meet you in class, okay?”

“You’re going to be late,” Barb insisted.

“Just tell Mr. Clarke I forgot my potions book in the common room. I’ll just be a few minutes.”

Barb rolled her eyes but did not object.

Jim Hopper was quite unhappy. Making a sudden trip to Hogwarts was the last thing he needed. And a trip that would probably end up being pointless. He was in no mood to waste his time searching for a kid who was probably playing hooky in the Forbidden Forest or some hidden passage he stumbled upon.

Despite the mediocrity of the case, a small part of him appreciated being able to get out of the office. It had been a slow month and it was probably the biggest case that had crossed Hopper’s desk in a long time.

Once inside the school, Hopper viewed at his surroundings. The halls and passages were exactly the same as he remembered them. Suits of armor, tapestries, and moving paintings covered the walls.

Being keenly familiar with the location of the headmaster's office, Hopper let himself in. His walk to the office was uninterrupted. Afternoon classes were still in session. The only sounds in the halls were Hopper's feet smacking the stone and the chatter of the paintings.

Only when he reached the headmaster's office did he realize he did not know the password. He contemplated leaving to find a teacher or some other staff member. But that could take longer than just waiting and taking an even longer trip down memory lane was the last thing that he wanted. Hopper sighed and leaned against the cold, stone wall.

An age seemed to have passed. Hopper was just about to give up waiting when the staircase began to move. Two figures came down the stairs, a teenage boy with shaggy, brown hair and a slightly more than middle aged professor.

"Ah," said the professor when he saw Hopper. "You must be from the Auror's Office."

"Actually," began Hopper, "I'm Jim Hopper, the head of the Magical Law Enforcement Patrol. You must be Headmaster Coleman?"

"Yes, I am," he replied. "This is Jonathan Byers," he motioned to the teenager, "Will's older brother. He's the one who first realized Will was missing."

“Alright,” Hopper said taking out a pad of paper and a pen. “What can you tell me?”

Headmaster Coleman motioned for Jonathan to speak. “Well,” he began, “Will and I normally get up a little earlier than everyone else. We just sit in the common room and listen to music or hang out. But he wasn’t there today. I just thought he had slept in a little bit. But then he wasn’t at breakfast. I went back to the tower and I looked in his room and he wasn’t there. I went to the hospital wing and his classroom and he was there either.”

“Then,” Headmaster Coleman interjected, “I found Mr. Byers wandering the halls and he told me the whole story.”

“Look,” said Hopper, “I don’t really see what makes you think he’s missing. Classes are still in session. He’ll probably turn up around dinner time.”

Jonathan scoffed. “You don’t understand. You don’t know Will. He doesn’t play hooky. He would *never* do this.”

“Mr. Hopper,” began Headmaster Coleman, “I know Will Byers to be a very diligent student. All his teachers speak highly of him. And, if I may add, none of what we told you is our real cause for concern.”

“Then what is,” Hopper said tempestuously.

“I have performed several searching spells to try to locate Will and I

have been unsuccessful every time. My fear is that either Will is no longer on the school grounds or there is some magic concealing him.”

Hopper took a few moments to take in the new information. “Who knows that he’s missing?”

“Only myself, Jonathan, and a few other members of staff. And anyone in your department who heard.”

“Alright, for now, keep it that way. I’m still not convinced he’s not hiding somewhere. Where was the last place he was scene?”

Headmaster Coleman looked at Jonathan. Jonathan shrugged and said, “I saw him at breakfast on Sunday.”

“That’s the last time *anyone* saw him?” Hopper asked.

“I don’t know,” Jonathan said, “He told me he was going to play a game with his friends all day.”

“Well, who are his friends?”

“They’re three other kids in his year.”

“Names,” Hopper demanded.

“Um... Dustin, Mike, and Lucas. I don’t know what their last names are.”

“I’ll pull them out of class,” Headmaster Coleman said. “In the mean time, Mr. Hopper, you can wait in my office. And Jonathan, no need to go back to class. You can take the rest of the day off. I will keep you updated.”

2. The Search Begins

Lucas, Mike, and Dustin were seated in a row on the couch in Headmaster Coleman's office. None of the boys had ever been inside the office before. All three fidgeted as an officer began asking them questions about Will.

"What were you doing in the dungeons all day?" Hopper asked them.

"We were playing Dungeons and Dragons," Mike explained.

"Alright," Hopper said even more confused. "And that was the last time you saw him, in the dungeons?"

"He walked back with me to my common room," Dustin said. "It's on the way to his."

"Well," Hopper said as he scribbled in his notebook, "now we know he disappeared somewhere between Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw common room. That narrows it down. Do you know which passage he took?"

"He went down Mirkwood," Dustin said.

"Mirkwood?"

"Its from a book..." Dustin began to explain.

Lucas interjected, "He doesn't care about that!"

"Just tell me where he went," Hopper said.

"Mirkwood is real," Mike said. "It's a real passage. We just call it that."

"Well, where is it?"

The boys had directed Hopper to a passage along the northern part of the castle. It looked ancient, it was probably part of the original castle. It also looked like it had not been cleaned since its construction. Spider webs hung everywhere and caught on the top of Hopper's hat. Hopper vaguely remembered it from his own time at Hogwarts. He remembered how everyone avoided the passage but he could not remember why. Hopper would never admit it, but he was unnerved by the place. Something just felt wrong. The air was too close and light too distant. Hopper cast a searching spell and found no one to be in the passage.

There were only three ways to enter the passage: the adjoining halls at either end and a staircase in the center of the passage that went down to the first floor. When he reached the staircase he stopped and looked down it. He cast another searching spell but found nothing

and quickly moved on.

He walked all the way down the rest of the passage and found nothing. He walked to the entrance of Ravenclaw tower and found nothing. He sighed and cast another searching spell, this time for objects. All he found were a few knuts and several hair pins. He pocketed the knuts and dumped the hair pins back on the floor.

Reluctantly, Hopper pulled his two-way mirror from his pocket. "Powell! Callahan! You there?" he barked.

Callahan's long face quickly appeared. "Yes, chief?"

"I need you and Powell to get here stat."

"Is something wrong, chief?"

Annoyed, Hopper yelled, "Yes there's something wrong! There's a kid missing! I need you and Powell to organize a search party."

"Right on it," Callahan replied.

"I'll see if the headmaster will give you clearance to use his chimney. I'll get back to you soon."

“Alright, chief.”

Hopper stepped into the headmaster’s office and plopped down in a great armchair with a heavy sigh.

“Well,” Coleman questioned, “did you find anything?”

“No,” Hopper snapped.

“Well, what are you going to do?”

Hopper sighed again. “First, I need permission to use your fireplace to temporarily connect to the floo network.”

“Very well,” Coleman said.

“Next, I need you to inform the students and staff and everyone else that he is missing. And to start taking volunteers from the staff and the older students to help with a search party tonight.”

“Alright,” Coleman said, “but what are *you* going to do?”

“I,” Hopper began, “am going to inform Will’s parents that they’re

son is missing. Unless you would like to do the honors.”

“So,” Barb said as she set her books down on the library table, “you never gave me the details.”

“Details?” Nancy asked as she pulled her head out of a book.

Barb laughed in disbelief as she slipped into her seat. “About your little meet up this morning. The one where you were late to class and I had to cover for you.”

“Oh,” she blushed and shook her head. “It was good.”

“That’s all?”

“Well...” Nancy said.

“What happened?”

“Nothing!” Nancy reassured, “It was great. He was great. I just... felt like we were being watched.”

“Well, then be prepared ‘cause Myrtle is going to be blabbing about it to the whole school,” Barb said nonchalantly.

Nancy gave a long sigh.

“I’m kidding!” Barb said as she threw her hands in the air innocently. “It was probably nothing.”

“I know,” Nancy said. She and Barb sat in silence, studying for a moment before she said, “Oh, I almost forgot!”

“Hmm,” Barb said as she finished reading a sentence.

“I’m meeting him again tonight,” Nancy said, grinning from ear to ear.

“Don’t you have prefect duty tonight?”

“Yeah, but Steve switched with Jim. So, both of us have prefect duty,” she said mischievously.

“Nancy Wheeler, you rebel!” Barb teased.

Mike was sitting at the Gryffindor table with some of the third and fourth year boys. He did not always get along with the boys in his year but some of the older ones did not seem to mind him. He did not usually speak very much around them, but that evening he was particularly quiet. He did not so much eat his potato soup as continually stir it.

Headmaster Coleman has told him, Lucas, and Dustin not to mention Will's disappearance to anyone. *Because they're going to find him quickly, Mike thought to himself, they don't want to scare anyone because they're going to find him. They probably already have.* Mike felt better after giving himself a pep talk and began to slurp his soup.

At the end of dinner, Headmaster Coleman stood up and called for silence. Mike caught Lucas' eye and gave him an assuring nod before they both turned to look at their headmaster.

"Last night," the headmaster began, "Will Byers, a student in the second year, went missing." The student body collectively gasped and began chatting with one another. Mike felt his heart plummet into his stomach. "Silence!" the headmaster called again. "This is obviously a very serious matter. Tonight there will be a search party both in the castle and on the grounds. Any student who is of age may volunteer to join the search party. Prefects will escort all other students back to their common rooms immediately after dinner. If anyone has any information about what happened you must tell a member of staff immediately.

"I, and the rest of the staff, know that this will be a very trying time for all of you, especially for those who were close to Will. But we must carry on as normally as possible. Thank you."

As soon as Headmaster Coleman stepped down, the Great Hall began to vibrate with the chatter of the students. Mike stood up and began walking to the high table. Lucas and Dustin saw him and followed as quickly as they could. A group of older student had already gathered around the headmaster when the boys arrived.

“Is there something you want to tell me?” Coleman said when he saw the boys.

“Yeah,” Mike replied, “We want to join the search party.” Lucas and Dustin agreed.

One of the older students laughed and Coleman gave him a stern look before leading the boys away from the larger group. “I’m very sorry boys,” he said, “but you are not old enough.”

“But he’s our friend,” Dustin said.

“We can’t just sit around!” Mike yelled.

“I don’t expect you to sit around,” Coleman said. “I expect all of you to get a full night’s rest.” The three boys began to protest again but Coleman cut them off. “We fully expect to find Will tonight. There is no need for you to lose sleep over this. When you wake up tomorrow, you’ll have your friend back.”

He called over prefects from each of their houses to make sure that each of the three boys made it back to their dormitories.

Setting up the temporary flew network had been easy. Bringing his men over and giving them instructions had been easy. Apparating to the address Coleman gave him had been easy. What was not easy was ringing the doorbell and telling two parents that their child was missing.

Hopper watched the house from a short distance. There was a car in the driveway of the single story house. Warm light pored from the windows of the home. It was not unlike a house that Hopper had spent several wonderful years in. But also a year of harsh pain.

Hopper shook himself from the memory. Slowly, he walked up to the front door. He rang the doorbell and waited.

A moment later, a middle-aged woman with middle length, brown hair opened the door. "Can I help you?" she asked him.

"Joyce Byers?" Hopper asked in return.

"Yes, that's me," Joyce replied. She gave him a once over, taking in his strange robes.

"My name is Jim Hopper. I am with the Magical Law Enforcement Patrol."

Joyce looked confused. "The what?"

"The Magical Law Enforcement Patrol," he repeated as he showed her his badge.

"I'm sorry," Joyce said after seeing the badge, "I don't know a lot about the magical stuff. I'm a... Oh, what do you call them?"

"A muggle," he said.

She smiled and said, "Yes, that's it, muggle." Changing tone she asked, "So, how can I help you Officer Hopper?"

Hopper hesitated for a moment. "May I come inside? I don't mean to alarm you but I'm afraid I have something to discuss with you and your husband."

"Uh... yes," she stuttered as she opened the door wider.

Hopper sat down on an old couch in the living room and Joyce sat in the chair opposite him.

"So, what's going on?" she asked him.

"Maybe we should wait for your husband to get home," Hopper said.

“Lonnie and I split up a long time ago.”

“Oh, alright,” Hopper said, feeling slightly embarrassed. “Well, I’ll get straight to the point. Your son, Will, was reported missing earlier today.”

Joyce’s face twisted into a look of sheer horror. “What? What happened?”

“Jonathan noticed he wasn’t at breakfast and looked around for him and when he couldn’t find him he told the headmaster.”

“No, to Will! What happened to Will? Where is he? Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

“I waited to inform you just incase we found him quickly,” Hopper said, “I didn’t want to unnecessarily alarm you.”

Joyce stood up and yelled, “Why aren’t you out there looking for him?”

“Ma’am, there is a search party scouring the castle and the grounds as we speak,” Hopper said, trying to calm Joyce down.

Joyce stood up and began pacing around the room.

“Joyce,” Hopper said, “I would like you to come to Hogwarts with me.”

Joyce stopped in her tracks and looked at Hopper for a long moment. Then she nodded solemnly. “Yes.”

Mike sat cross-legged on his bed, elbows on knees, chin in hands. He waited diligently for Lucas or Dustin to write back through their four-way journal set. The boys had made it themselves, to communicate after curfew. Lucas had seen a set in a store and had told the others about it. Will managed to find a book outlining how to make two-way journals. The boys meddled and mixed until they found a way to make the journals four-ways.

We're going to get caught, Lucas wrote.

Mike wrote back, *I don't care!*

Well I'm in! Dustin wrote.

Ok I am too, wrote Lucas.

Meet me in Mirkwood asap! Mike wrote. He closed his journal and

slipped it under his bed. All of his roommates appeared to be sleeping. He slipped a sweater over his head and put his wand in his pocket. As quietly as he could, Mike stuffed his feet into his shoes and tiptoed out of his dorm.

Mike got to Mirkwood first. Dustin arrived soon after. They waited for Lucas for several minutes. Just when they were about to go on without him, he arrived.

“What took you so long?” Dustin asked.

“I had to wait for Troy to fall asleep,” he replied. “I didn’t want him following me.”

“Let’s get moving,” Mike said. He whispered, “Lumos,” and the two other boys followed suit.

“So, what exactly are we doing?” Dustin asked as the boys began walking down the passage.

“We’re looking for clues,” Mike explained.

“Didn’t that guy from the Ministry already do that?” Lucas asked.

“Maybe he missed something,” Mike said.

The boys continued on in silence. They scoured the floor for any clue they could find. When they reached the stairway, there was a rumble of thunder and rain began to spatter against the windows. Mike stopped in his tracks.

“What is it?” asked Lucas.

Mike shushed him.

“It’s just rain, Mike,” Dustin said.

“No,” Lucas said in realization, “he’s right. I hear something.”

Mike’s eyes lit up. “Someone’s coming!” Each pair of eyes locked onto the end of the passage where they saw the dark walls begin to show the faint glow of a light.

The three boys bolted down the steps. The first three steps would have concealed them completely from anyone at the end of the passage and the spiral shape of the steps quickly hid them from anyone’s view. Even so, the boys raced down as fast as they could, becoming slightly dizzy as they made their spiraled descent.

Mike reached the bottom of the steps first. He came to an abrupt halt when he nearly ran into someone. Lucas and Dustin were only a few seconds behind him and each came to the same crashing halt. All three of their illuminated wands pointed at a girl.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you to everyone who left comments on the last chapter!

I'm sorry that it took so long to update and i'm not going to be able to promise anything more regular in the future. I'm in an accelerated program at school so i just don't have a lot of time for writing. But I'm still super excited about this fic and will continue to update when I can.

I love to talk about hogwarts sortings! if you have questions about why I put someone in a certain house, or just want to chat about it leave a comment!

Author's Note:

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